

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A little golden sunbeam,
That through a window steals
Oh, what a world of comfort
Its welcome light reveals!
On many a cloud reflecting
Its clear, effulgent ray;
How cheerful on its mission
It glides from day to day!
Go like that little sunbeam,
The work of love fulfill,
A messenger of gladness,
To do the Master's will;
Go where the voice of kindness
But seldom greets the ear;
Where bloom no summer roses
Life's thorny path to cheer.

From Goshen, Ind.

I have not written for the children's column for a long time. I have seen a good many different kinds of birds already this spring. Two pigeons made their nests in our barn and they have young ones; every day they fly around the barn hunting food for them. The sparrows are building nests in our wood-house. Mamma and my two little sisters were sick with La Grippe this week, but are better again. I will answer Maud Switzer's question. The word reverend is found but once in the Bible, and that in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. I will close by asking a question: Which is the longest verse in the Bible?

Good-bye,

April 11.

ESTA SALA.

From Brooklyn, Iowa.

I was requested to write a letter for the King's Children this week. Our average attendance is about forty. We have Bible reading and sometimes we have a short literary entertainment. The children all take part in the exercises. Brother Gillen is our pastor. Brother S. H. Bashor preached for us last Sunday evening. The convention is to be held at Brooklyn, and we hope the King's Children will be benefitted by it. I enjoy reading the children's page very much.

April 15.

ETHEL MORSE.

From Loree, Ind.

This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. If this letter is published I will write again. Mamma and papa belong to the Brethren church. I have three brothers. I will be thirteen years old May 19. I will answer Gertrude Underwood's question. The question was, who sold Joseph? Answer, his brothers.

Yours truly,

April 14.

DORA GRANDSTAFF.

A GOOD example is the best sermon.

From Seward, Kansas.

I am ten years old. I went to meeting every night but five nights. Our preacher's name was Mr. Beer. He lives at Nickerson, Kansas, and we had a good meeting. Three came out on the Lord's side, two of them were baptized and the one had been baptized. The two were baptized April 10. Ma belongs to the Brethren church and pa belongs to the German Baptist Brethren. My day school was out March 31. I was sorry for I loved my teacher. Her name was Nora Heckman. I like to go to school. My Sunday-school is not an evergreen. It has not commenced yet. If this can be recived in the paper I will write again.

April 12.

MYRTA KEIGLEY.

From Hudson, Iowa.

I thought I would write another letter for the EVANGELIST. It has been raining to-day. The Robins have come already and I have seen some black birds. Last week I saw some prairie chickens. They were not very far away from me. When the rooster crows he shoots out red balls on each side. I haven't seen any bird's nests yet this spring. I was to Sunday-school and church yesterday. The church was decorated nicely with flowers and evergreens. We had such beautiful singing. I and my brother belong to the Loyal Legion. We have both signed the pledge. And I want to keep it always. I will answer Gertrude Underwood's question. Joseph was sold by his brethren. I will also answer Ruby Kimmel's question. There are twenty-eight chapters in the book of Luke. (Not quite right. Try again. Ed.) I have a little sister three years old, her middle name is Ruth. She has a pet cat. I will close.

Your friend,

April 15.

GERTRUDE HESSE.

"PITY THE BLIND."

By the roadside in all Eastern countries one is always coming upon blind or crippled beggars, holding out their hands and crying loudly for money. There they sit, just as they used to in the days of Bartimæus, covered perhaps with an old gray cloak made of coarse goat's hair, with a stick by their side and a hand so used to being held out for something that the open palm is always ready even if they seem to be dozing. Or perhaps they sit cross-legged and turbaned, dressed in bright clothes, as the people of those countries love to do, but always with the old ragged cloak or at least a dirty sheepskin to wrap them from the weather. Where they creep at night God knows, but there they sit all day as nearly "under foot" as possible, for the more travelers go by the more

money these poor men are likely to get. Another good place for them is in some doorway or gate, where people are often going in and out, and in such places you will always find them crouching.

One reason that there is so much more blindness in all these countries than in ours is that no care is usually taken to prevent or cure it. No good Dr. Howe builds asylums for blind children, no kind, wise Von Graefe gives his whole life to healing diseases of the eye. If one begins to have trouble with his eyes here, friends soon find means to send him to some famous "eyedoctor," and often he comes back as well as anybody. If not, there are still many happy things that he can do, and some way taught him by which he can earn a living. In Boston, it is said, a blind man tunes pianos in the public schools. There were few things a poor man could do in Palestine besides begging, if he was blind.

Little Leon Y— is a bright little fellow in the blind kindergarten at Boston. Every little while and always at Christmas and Thanksgiving he used to come home to see his mother and sister at Worcester. Yes—"to see." That was the way he talked about it. His sweet, chubby, baby face was all alive with interest whenever any one spoke to him or even in his hearing, and his answers were so quick and gay that you never could think of him as blind any more than he thought of himself so. He would talk in the most earnest way about the "big fire" that he "saw last night out of the chamber window," and almost make you see the racing horses and the red, crackling flames by the way he described them. He never thought of being pitied; wasn't the kindergarten the loveliest place in the world for a boy to grow up in? He used to pity you sometimes—you well boys and girls—because you didn't have such good times at your school.

After a year or two he began to leave off his "kilts" and came to Sunday-school in the sweetest little black velvet jackets and "knee pants," with lace frills at neck and wrist and all his curls cut off. Then he had to sit among the big boys. No more going into the primary class for Leon. "I'm growing up," he proudly told me. "You see if I can't say my Golden Texts as well as they can."

And he could—a great deal better. That wasn't all either. He was learning to behave as he grew up. They teach him such things in the blind kindergarten. He will be a good man some day and a useful one instead of being obliged to sit, like the poor old beggar, asking passers-by to give him money to buy a bit of bread.